

Three POEMS
MAHANAIM,

O R,
Strivings with a SAVIOUR,

Containing a DIALOGUE betwixt JESUS and an Afflicted
SOUL;

PENIEL,

O R,
The Combatant Triumphant, Expressing Comfort under Clouds,

AND THE
Triumph Consummat, or the State
of GLORY. J.W.

By an Experienced Admirer of Sanctified Afflictions.
John Wilson an Episcopal Minister

2 COR. IV. 9. Persecuted; but not Forfaken.

CICERO.

O vita Philosophia (Christiana) dux! Virtutum indagatrix, vitiorum
expultrix, unus dies ex te & praeceptis tuis actus peccanti Immortalitas
est anteponendus.

Printed in the Year 1706.

To the Right Honourable, The
Viscountess of Stormond, and Lady
Æmilia Murray her Sister in Law.

M A D A M,

THE Lustre of your Piety in the Course of a Christian Life, joyned
with Sincerity in the publick Participation of Ordinances, which
I have been Witness to, hath Embolden'd me to Offer a little
Spark to enkindle more the Flame of your Devotion; Which
that it may excite the same Motions of Soul in you both, that were in the
Breast of a Lover of GOD at the Writing hereof (which was in Retirement,
in the Remotest Parts of the Nation) is the earnest Prayer of

Honourable Ladies

Edr. Feb. 7.

1706.

Your sincere Well-wisher in the
Work of the Gospel, and
most Humble Servant

J. W.



A
DIALOGUE
BETWIXT
JESUS
AND AN
Afflicted SOUL.

Jesus. **H**OW now, sad Soul! what means this constant Moan,
As if thy Life were given thee to Groan?

Soul. **L**ORD, thy Displeasure is the real Cause; (1) (1) Job 7:
Thou breaks my Peace, as I have broke thy Laws. 20.

Jesus. Does the Physician hate, that doth Propine
A bitter Potion or sharp Medicine? (2) (2) Heb:
12. 11.

Does the Vine-dresser hate, when he doth prune
The Fruitful Trees that are Luxuriant grown? (3) (3) John
15. 2.

So. **L**ORD, I'm but Flesh; A weak, poor Sickly thing
That cannot bear the Stroke thine Ire doth bring. (4) (4) Jer. 10:
24.

Je. Thou'rt Spirit too, that must Advanced be
To a bright Sparkle of Divinity. (5) (5) 2 Pet:
1. 4, 6.

So. Yet, Moderat the Stroke, let not the Rod
Exceed the yearning Bowels of a GOD. (6) (6) Psal:
6. 1.

Je. The Remedy must reach th' affected part:
A slight touch Cures not a Distemper'd Heart. (7) (7) Amos
4. 11, 12.

- So, True, LORD, my Heart is ill : But thy Heart Blood
(1) 1 John 1. To Cure its loathsome Maladies is good. (1)
77 Fe. Thou'rt oft th' Infirmer and the Sufferer too,
(2) Matth. 8. Feeding on Fear anticipateth wo. (2)
26. And if a Stroke I level at the Skin.
Straight thou direct'st it to the Heart within.
(3) Dan. 9. 8. So. Guilt magnifieth Fear. (2) a pained Heart
(4) Psal. 38. Affimilates each Stroke unto its smart. (4)
5. Fe. When I did enter Covenant with thee,
(1) John 16. Did I foretell present Felicitie. (1)
33. Was not the Cross and Self-denial too
(2) Matth. 16. A part of my Indenture and thy Vow ? (6)
24. So. But, LORD, thy good and faithful Promise was
(1) Heb. 13. I'll not leave nor forsake in any case. (7)
5. Fe. The Sun's not set when Sabled with a Cloud : (8)
8, 9. Some things are Bitter ; that are truly Good. (9)
(9) If. 48. 10. So. Yet, LORD, thou shines upon th' ungodly Crue,
They grow and prosper in Rich Revenue. (1)
(1) Jer. 5. 28. Fe. Wait, Sons, their end ; they're on a slippery place (2)
(2) Psal. 73. Their hand is full, their Heart (3) is void of peace.
18. So. Where are thy great Compassions that did flow
(3) Prov. 14. Upon the Generation of thy Love ? (4)
13. Fe. Were they still mounted on the towring Top :
(4) Psal. 77. Did they not also Drink the fatal Cup ? (5)
7, 8. Through many Tribulations they did pass
(5) Amos 3. 2. Unto their happy and desired Place. (6)
(6) Act. 24. 22. Hast thou not heard of *Israel's* Bondage, (7) Soul ?
(7) Exod. 1. Or *Joseph* lying in the darksome Goal ? (8)
11. Hast thou yet ly'n with *Daniel* in the Den ? (9)
(8) Gen. 39. 20. Or in the Furnace with the three young Men ? (1)
(9) Dan. 6. 16. Hath *Jonah's* Whale been ev'r thy living Tomb ? (2)
(1) Dan. 3. 20. Or hadst thou cause to curse thy Mothers Womb ? (3)
(2) Jon. 1. 17. Have ev'r the Almighty's Arrows pierc'd thy Heart ? (4)
(3) Jer. 20. Or hath their Poyson Drunk thy better part ?
(4) Job 6. 4. Was ev'r thy Moisture turn'd to Summers Drought ? (5)
(5) Psal. 32. 4. When wast thou Sold to Foes for thing of Nought ? (6)
(6) Esth. 7. 4. Hast thou with Terrors ev'r Distract'd been ? (7)
(7) Psal. 83. 75. Or hast thou *Judah's* Desolation seen ? (8)
(8) Lam. ch. 1. When wast thou drenched in the flaming Fire ? (9)
(9) Heb. 11. 34. Or Racked on the Wheel by Tyrants Ire ? (1)
(1) Ver. 35. Wast thou ev'r Sawn asunder ? (2) Were the Skins
(2) Ver. 37. Of Sheep or Goat the Rayment of thy Loins ?
Didst thou ev'r Wander in the Deserr wide ?
(3) Ver. 38. Or in the Dens and Caves of Earth abide ? (3)
These were Heroic Flights by Worthies once
Wrestling with Flesh and Blood, as thou art since.

(5)

Hast thou with Foot-men run and Wearied been,
How wilt thou strive with Horses fierce and keen ? (1)
In lesser Tryals doth thy Heart so fail,
What wilt thou do when greater do assail ?

So. Thou overcomes, O LORD ! Thy pow'rful Voice
Commands me calm, (2) it stills the stormy Noise
Of damping Thoughts : I am undone, undone :
For with the Leper, I'm unclean, unclean. (3)
Yet, let me speak : These Worthies could not yield,
Because thy Presence was their Sun and Shield. (4)
The warm Gales that Breathed on their Heart,
Did mitigat their Stroke and ease the Smart. (5)

Je. Hath GOD left off this stately Frame to Move ?
Or to dispense the Tokens of his Love ? (6)
Search, search within, (7) his Gales do either find
Or make a Joyful and Resigned Mind. (8)

So. LORD, shew my Spots, and let me clearly see
The worst part of my Self before thine Eye. (9)

Je. Ranlack the Word, (1) and thine own Heart, these two
Will shew what thou hast done and ought to do. (2)

So. 1. * LORD, I am frail : This Organized Frame
Heavens apace to Dust from whence it came. (3)

Ans. Je. Pack up, be gone : Long shadows do declare
The Night approaches on the Traveller. (4)

So. 2. This Snail-pac'd Dust me stops ; I strive to Fly
It counter-strives, thus Drooping I Decay. (5)

Ans. Je. Its no Heroic Worth to want a Foe,
True Gallantry it is to overthrow. (6)

So. 3. My Mind it self is fickle, while I want
Thy wonted Aids, for which I daily pant. (7)

Ans. Je. And dost thou feel me Absent, thou'rt Alive ;
The Dead feel nothing that doth Trouble give. (8)

So. 4. Loud-mouth'd Reproaches do assault me still. (9)

Ans. Je. Fear thou to be, not to be called ill. (1)
If they speak Truth, amend ; If false, then fly

What the Ungodly counts Deformity. (2)

So. 5. Supplies of Earthly Comforts fail, (3) I find.
Who Toil for Earth are filled with the Wind. (4)

Ans. Je. If Earth do frown on thee, frown thou on it :
Disdain do with disdain again require. (5)

Thou didst renounce the World by solemn Vow,
And will a sworn Foe smile on thee now. (6)

So. 6. LORD, Friends do fail ; They'r like a Summer Brook
In parching Heat and Drought, they me forsook. (7)

Ans. Je. Expects thou more from Man, (8) secure a Friend
Whole Love is like himself, both without end. (9)

B

So. 7. Under

(1) Jer. 12. 5.

(2) Job. 40. 2.

(3) Lev. 13. 45.

(4) Psal. 84. 11.

(5) 2 Cor. 7. 4.

Rom. 5. 1. 3.

(6) Isa. 49. 14.

15.

(7) Lam. 3. 40.

(8) 1 Pet. 3. 13.

(9) Psal. 139. 23. 24.

(1) Pf. 119. 11.

(2) Pf. 119. 59.

* Causes of Trouble.

(3) Job 7. 7.

ch. 20. 23.

(4) Joh. 9. 4.

(5) Mat. 26. 41.

Rom. 7. 24.

(6) Eph. 6. 11. 12.

(7) Phil. 2. 13.

(8) Psal. 88. 10, 11, 12, 13.

Isa. 38. 19.

(9) Psal. 27. 12.

(1) Phil. 4. 8.

(2) Psal. 17. 4.

(3) Psal. 60. 3.

(4) Hos. 8. 7.

(5) Phil. 3. 7.

8.

(6) Joh. 15. 19.

(7) Pf. 142. 4.

Job 6. 15.

(8) Jer. 17. 5.

(9) Pf. 121. 2.

- (6)
- (1) Ps. 38. 19. So. 7. Under the Rage of Enemies I Toil. (1)
 (2) Ps. 51. 12. Ans. Je. Their Rage is limited, and for a while. (2)
 (3) Ps. 120. 5. So. 8. The Fellowship I want of Souls Divine, (3)
 (4) Eccl. 4. 9, 10. A Spark that is alone, doth faintly Shine. (4)
 (5) Job. 16. 3. A. Je. Thou may'st with him converse, that doth supply
 (6) Ps. 42. & 84. That borrow'd Light that doth them Beautify. (5)
 (7) Hof. 13. 5. So. 9. I am debar'd thy Holy Courts to see, (6)
 (8) Eph. 3. 8. Je. My Presence is not ty'd to Companie. (7)
 (9) Jer. 20. 9. So. 10. Thou didst once call me from the common Crowd,
 (10) Psal. 139. 21. To publish Divine Truths, (8) to cry aloud,
 (11) Psal. 119. 158. And warn Sinners, now in secret I
 (12) Mat. 7. 21. Must that regrave I cannot Rectify. (9)
 (13) 1 Cor. 4. 16. A. Je. A Life Exemplar hath a vital Air, (1)
 (14) 1 Thes. 2. 1. That speaks to th' Eye what thou didst to the Ear. (2)
 (15) 1 Cor. 2. 1. A patient Frame doth mightily surpass
 (16) 1 Cor. 3. 1. The most exact Rhetoric Flourishes. (3)
 (17) 1 Cor. 6. 3, 4. This proves thy Love, Soul, to be genuine
 (18) Act. 20. 33. That Serves GOD for himself and not for Gain. (4)
 (19) Psal. 119. 136. So. 11. My Heart doth rise, LORD, when I sadly see
 (20) 1 Thes. 1. 10. The Flood-gates open of Profanity. (5)
 (21) 1 Thes. 1. 10. Ans. Je. Bear thou what I permit; Behold I come
 (22) 1 Thes. 1. 10. For Executing slow, yet certain Doom. (6)
 (23) Psal. 38. 4. So. 12. But, LORD, I add unto the common score,
 (24) Psal. 51. 17. My Sins are great and heinous thee before. (7)
 (25) Psal. 51. 17. Ans. Je. A broken and a contrite Heart unto me bring,
 (26) Psal. 51. 17. That is a lovely pleasant Offering. (8)
 (27) Psal. 51. 17. So. 13. LORD, when I come before thy Sacred Throne,
 (28) Psal. 51. 17. I pant and strive and wearily Bemoan,
 (29) Psal. 51. 17. But find no Warmth or presence to Advance,
 (30) Psal. 51. 17. Or Life to fit me for th' Inheritance. (9)
 (31) Psal. 51. 17. Ans. Je. Sincerity and a renewed State
 (32) Psal. 51. 17. Are more than raptures or extatic Heat: (10)
 (33) Psal. 51. 17. The one doth please a weak and sickly Brain,
 (34) Psal. 51. 17. The other him who doth the Soul sustain.
 (35) Psal. 51. 17. So. 14. Thine Ire continues long, O LORD, I see
 (36) Psal. 51. 17. No hope of outgate from Calamitie. (2)
 (37) Psal. 51. 17. Ans. Je. Its momentary, Soul, that causeth pain;
 (38) Psal. 51. 17. But its Eternal that Delights again. (3)
 (39) Psal. 51. 17. Take up Faiths Perspective and through the Cloud
 (40) Psal. 51. 17. Behold th' Advances of approaching Good. (4)
 (41) Psal. 51. 17. So. 15. But can a Soul look on, and see thy Zion
 (42) Psal. 51. 17. By its Unnatural Sons tending to Ruine. (5)
 (43) Psal. 51. 17. Altar 'gainst Altar, Priest 'gainst Priest do cry
 (44) Psal. 51. 17. Pluck up, pull down, raze out their Memory.
 (45) Psal. 51. 17. Factions and Fractions tear the Seamsle Coat,
 (46) Psal. 51. 17. Rimes Walls wee'r Building and yet know it not. (6)
 (47) Psal. 51. 17. 2 Sam. 12. 14. Ans. Je. Leave

(5)

Ans. 7e. Leave off to Rule the World or Church : For lo,
He that the Stars doth Rule, Governs it too. (1)

He from a Chaos rear'd this Stately Frame,
And from Disorders Aethers still the same. (2)

The Bush in Fire hath been ; But never shall
In Ashes be (3) : Its Fire is Ordeal *.

If all were one the Militant might call
It self Triumphant : Men Angelical. (4)

By turns, each Party hath the Scourge in hand
The other to Correct, at my Command. (5)

So, LORD, I am sinful Dust, that dare to strive
With Pow'r and Wisdom both and yet do Live. (6)

I grovel in the Dust, can I descry
Of thy Just Judgments the great Mystery ? (7)

Yet, LORD, me Teach how I my steps may guide
While I among Sinners and Snarers abide,

And swim through Billows that most swiftly glyde. (8)

7e. * 1. Walk in the Light, (9) Darknes makes Doubts, for then
Each bush appears a Thief to frighted Men. (1)

2. And when thou swims in surging Waves, thine Eye
Direct to th' other Bank, and there espy, (2)

Firm Land, where thou shalt still in safety go

Through all these Regions without Fear or Foe. (3)

3. From Earth expect no more than it can give, (4)
More Stings than Honey are within that Hive. (5)

4. Man neither Fear nor Trust, his Life is frail,
And then, his Love and Hatred both do fail. (6)

5. Measure not Good or Ill by thy desire, (7)

Flesh dresseth up them both in false Attire,

6. Chuse thou Affliction before Sin, (8) for still
One seems, the other really is ill.

7. The depths of Providence thou canst not scan
Leave them to him who mets Earth with a span. (9)

8. Measure not Welfare by these outward things ; (1)

But by that state which thee Salvation brings. (2)

9. Judge not GODS Hatred by Mans lofty frown : (3)
Or that the Prosperous are all GODS own. (4)

10. Prize most the Goods which thou can bear with thee
Either to Death or to Captivity. (5)

11. Be not secure : That's danger Neighbour still, (6)

12. That Earth Treats Strangers strangely think not ill. (7)

13. Art thou laid low be Lowly (8). 14. They that ly
Upon a level cannot fall from hy.

15. In blustering Storms keep close thy Garment then :
Integrity becomes Afflicted Men. (9)

(1) Isa. 14. 32.
chap. 36. 1.

(2) Pl. 77. 19.

(3) Exod. 3. 2.

* Fire Ordeal
or Ordellium
was an old way
in England for
Trying Persons
suspected of
Crimes, which
if they passed
through un-
touched they
were reputed
Innocent.

(4) Judg. 1. 3.

(5) Isa. 9. 21.

(6) Job 42. 5. 6.

(7) Rom. 11. 33

(8) Plal. 25. 5.

(9) Plal. 17. 5.

* Heads of
Meditation
& Directions

(1) Job 27. 20.

(2) Plal. 61. 2.

(3) Isa. 35. 10.

(4) Eccl. 1. 2.

(5) 1 Joh. 2. 16.

(6) Isa. 40. 6.

(7) Mat. 20. 22

Gen. 30. 1.

(8) Job 36. 21.

(9) Plal. 36. 6.

(1) Eccl. 9. 1.

(2) Plal. 36. 3.

(3) Exod. 1. 14.

compared with

Chap. 3. 7.

(4) Plal. 73.

12. 18. 19.

(5) Plal. 16. 5.

(6) Judg. 18.

7. 37.

(7) Heb. 11.

13.

(8) 2 Chron.

33. 12.

(9) Job 27. 5.

6.

16. Hath

16. Hath Wisdom phild Barth out of thy Hand :
 (1) 1 Joh. 2. Give it no room within thy Heart to stand. (1)
 15. 17. And doth the Rod on thy back Furrows plow,
 (2) Isa. 26. 9. Run, (2) he Reaps gladly that with Tears did Sow. (3)
 (3) Pſal. 126. 18. Go to *Gethſemane* and there eſpy
 6. A Sight that vaſtly doth thy Grief outwee. (4)
 (4) Matth. 26. 19. The Comforts that remain, do far ſurpaſs
 37, 38. Luk. Theſe that are gone in Number and Solace. (5)
 22. 44. 20. The ſtroke thy Skin that touches, might thy Heart, (6)
 (5) Lam. 3. 21. He might have taken all that took a part. (7)
 23, 24. 22. If I draw Blood, that thy Diſeaſe may paſs
 (6) Lam. 3. 22. Forth with the purple Stream, ſay'ſt thou Alas ! (8)
 (7) Isa. 27. 8. 23. Compare thy Stroke, with all the Blood and Sweat
 (8) Isa. 46. 28. That dropt from Souls in Perſecuting Heat. (9)
 (9) Heb. 11. 24. Bless GOD thy Share's not here, (1) and that thy State
 37, &c. Is not in Flames of Everlaſting date. (2)
 (1) Pſal. 73. 25. What's doing Cenſure not till it be done :
 23, 24, 25. *Joſeph* in Goal may ſit upon a Throne. (3)
 (2) Lam. 3. 39. Soul. Now, LORD, I ſee thy Paths are Mercy ſure,
 (3) Gen. 39. Thy Grace and Truth doth evermore endure. (4)
 20. ch. 41. 40. Write thou theſe Laws upon my Heart, (5) and then
 (4) Pſal. 25. To all my Pray'rs ſet to thy firm (6) A M E N,
 10. (5) Pſal. 17. 5.
 (6) Pſal. 17. 1.

COMFORT under Clouds:

- (1) Pſal. 43. 11. **R**OUSE up my Soul, (1) too long thou haſt bereav'd
 Thy ſelf of Comfort, and thy Heart enſlav'd
 To Soul-diffracting dolours, look about
 And what doth hurt but Helps not baniſh out
 The Cloud on thy part hath a Lightſome ſide ;
 Tho on the *Egyptian*, Darkneſs doth abide. (2)
 (2) Exod. 14. Thy Father is the Pilot, that doth Steer
 20. The toſſed Ship, when Dangers do appear. (3)
 (3) Pſal. 97. 1. When foaming Billows dare the lofty Sky
 (4) Mat. 14. My Soul is ſafe, if Jeſus ſay, Its I. (4)
 27.

(9)

He that the stormy Winds doth Calm, can me;
 If He but speak the Word, so let it be. (1)
 I have a Stock, *Eldadai's* Rich supply,
 Which neither Force nor Fraud can Damnify. (2)
 I have a Guide my Wandrings to espy,
 Eternal Truth; To Guide me with His Eye. (3)
 I have a Counsellor, when Doubts appear;
 Wisdom to clear the Mind and scatter Fear. (4)
 I have a Fort, no Pow'r can undermine;
 Because its Built on Power that's Divine. (5)
 I have a Friend, at Death will stand me by, (6)
 And at the final Doom me Justify. (7)
 I have an Advocat, my Cause to Plead,
 When dark Abaddon doth his Process lead. (8)
 I have a Monitor, whose Watchful Care
 Keeps me from falling in the crafty Snare. (9)
 I have a Comforter, my Heart to cheer
 When dusky Clouds of damping Thoughts appear. (1)
 I have an Harbour, where no blust'ring Gale
 Or tossing Billow can the Soul assail. (2)
 I have a Store of Promises at Hand
 Fear to silence, and dolour to withstand. (3)
 I have a Promise, I will never leave
 Nor thee forsake, or utterly bereave. (4)
 I have another: Cast thy care on Me;
 I'll thee sustain, thou shalt not moved be. (5)
 I have another: In the Mount its seen
 Jehovah-jireh hath Provisor been. (6)
 I have one yet: The LORD my Shepherd is, (7)
 I shall not want present or future Bliss.
 I have another: Frowns are for a while,
 But through Eternal Ages doth he smile. (8)
 I have one yet: The Mountains shall remove;
 But Divine Grace shall Everlasting prove. (9)
 I have another; Trouble is but light;
 But the approaching Glory hath a Weight. (1)
 I have more still, enroll'd in the Record
 Of the Heart-searching and Solacing Word.
 I have more still in Hope, in Spheres above,
 The Heart to clear, and sorrow to remove. (2)
 Come then, my Soul, compare thy Goodly Treasure
 With softest Dalliances of Fleishly pleasure.
 Amasse the Treasures of bright *Indian* Ure,
 Fetch'd from *Potosi*, Mammonist's allure.

(1) Matth. 8.
26, 27.

(2) Gen. 15.1.

(3) Psal. 32.8.

(4) Ps. 73.24.

(5) Prov. 18.10.

(6) Psal. 23.4.

(7) Ps. 48.14.

Mat. 25. 38.

(8) 1 Joh. 2.1.

(9) Isa. 30.32.

(1) Joh. 14. 16.

(2) Psal. 46.1.
2, 3.

(3) 2 Cor. 7.1.

(4) Heb. 13.
5. 6.

(5) Psal. 55.22.

(6) Gen. 22.14.

(7) Psal. 23.1.

(8) Isa. 54.7, 8.

(9) Isa. 54.10.

(1) 2 Cor. 4.
17.

(2) 2 Cor. 5.1.

Bring

Bring *Cæsar's* Glory, *Alexander's* Crown,
Hanibal's Valour, all the great Renown
 Won by the Conduct of the Sword or Gown.

- (1) Phil. 3. 8. All are too light: (1) I have more Gladness far
 (2) Psal. 4. 8. Than when their Corn and Wine encreased are. (2)
 All these are Cyphers when my GOD's not nigh;
 (3) Psal. 18. 1. If He preceed, so then they multiply. (3)
 Rest then, my Soul, among these Waves repose,
 (4) Rom. 8. 31. He that enjoyeth GOD, needs fear no Foes; (4)
 Psal. 27. 1, 2, 3. When Mountains shake, and Hosts their force combine,
 (5) Psal. 46. 1, 2, 3. When Earths commoved, all is safe, that's mine. (5)
 I'll scorn then to stoop to things below,
 (6) Lam. 3. 24. Let these Caress them that no better know. (6)
 And when enliv'ned Dust with frowns accost,
 And take all that they can, there's nothing lost. (7)
 (7) 1 Pet. 1. 4. I will Triumph, my GOD is all to me,
 Mat. 7. 24, 25. In Life and Death, and to Eternity. (8) A M E N.

Soul-breathing after G O D.

MY GOD, I find within a wounded Heart,
 I'm overcome and panting cry,
 The Hand that gave the Stroke, must ease the Smart:
 While thus I faint, O stand Thou by,
 Or else I dy.

I have sought rest among the Creatures all,
 Each answers, it is not in me:
 Their Drams of Honey hath a Pound of Gall;
 They swell but do not satisfy,
 Still without Thee.

Thy Footsteps in this beauteous Frame appear,
 Glimpses of Love in all Thy Word,
 Delightful smiles in Pray'r when I draw near.
 Some Sips of Sweetness do afford.

Yet short, my LORD,
 When the Resplendent Rays of purest Light
 Moses his Face did Beautify,

Shew

Shew me Thy Glory, said he, yet more Bright:
Thou canst not see't unless thou dy,

Did GOD Reply,

Then let me dy, that I may see the Face
That hath in it Light, Life and Love:
That gloomy Vale's the path unto Solace,
To those bright Regions above

My Soul remove.

But, since I must under the Cloud abide,
And in the Wilderness remain:

Turn unto me its clear and lightsome side,
Not Quails but Manna on me rain;

For Thou'rt my Gain.

Mammon his votaries I clearly see,

The more they drink they Thirst the more:

So doth my panting Soul in Loving Thee,

My Thirst increases with my store

Thy Throne before.

When Earth accosts me with its fiercest frown

It touches but my outward Skin;

But when Divine withdrawals cast me down,

I'm Dark and Cloudy all within

By Sense of Sin.

Men of this World they Toss and Toil and Sweat;

And all they gain is yellow Clay:

○ let my Soul still wrestle to instate

In Blessings of another way,

That Love I may.

Sinners pursue these sordid Swinish pleasures,

While Toil and Travel's all they gain:

May I with such-like Travel seek these Treasures

That carry Pleasure without pain,

Guilt, Spot or Stain.

The Hypocrite pursues with anxious care,

To seem to be what he is not:

○ that my panting Soul as fervent were!

To be what I seem, without blot,

Make that my Lot,

The Formalists with ardor Hear and Pray,

And please themselves with warm Frame:

May then the Pow'r of Godliness me sway,

In Holy Walk t' outdo the same,

And Praise Thy Name.

What

What pains are Sinners at as if they were
 Afraid of Torments to come short !
 O that I could with as great anxious care
 Before Thy Presence still Resort !

My surest Fort.

Are they so restless still when their sad Race
 Ends in the Regions of Death ?
 And still sit I and no more mend my pace ?
 When Heav'n's within the Eye of Faith,
 O Blessed Path !

In ways of Sin how earnest have I been !
 And shall my Soul now loy't'ring go ?
 When by Faiths Eye I have his Glory seen.
 My Soul, unweariedly go

And be not slow.

The Creatures all their Sov'raigns will obey,
 Each in its Sphere still maketh haste :
 Earth, Air, Wind, Water, Fire and Vapors hy,
 Run to the center of their rest,

As Sun to th' West.

And yet to these a Saviour was not sent,
 Nor felt they pleasures of His Love :
 Nature moves them, Grace is my powerful Bent
 Let it me Powerfully move

To th' Orbs above.

All are at Work their Nature to obey,
 My Work's to seek Thy Lovely Face,
 O thou my Soul, as Fire Flames up on high ;
 Aspire thou to the highest place,

Th' end of thy Race.

Come O my Love, my Joy, my choice Delight !
 Fill all my Powers with Thy Love.

Let that chase out the shadows of the Night

Display to me Light, Life and Love

While here I move.

Then shall I go through stormy Regions here,
 And pale Deaths gloomy darksome Vale,
 Without Distrust, Presumption or Fear,
 Unto the place where Love doth Dwell,

Then World farewell,

A M E N.

THE
 Triumph Consummat,
 OR THE
 State of Glory.

LIKE as the weary Traveller at Night,
 Or tossed Sick on sight of Day,
 Or the Triumphant Victor after Fight,
 Or Captive free'd in Chains that lay.
 Or chafed Dove from Vulturs Claws set free,
 Or Bird escap'd the Fowlers snare,
 Such is this Soul-amazing state to me,
 As free of Fighting as of Fear.
 Like *Noahs* Dove or trembling Needle, I
 From this to that ran in a maze
 But now the Ark and Polar Star I spy,
 Where all the Weary are at ease.
 Farewell vain Earth, Pleasures in paint adieu,
 Griefs progeny ye briny Tears :
 Stern Death that Frighted with thy fable hue
 Farewell, with all thy train of Fears.
 Dull Flesh, my Mate in Well and Wo, farewell,
 Until the Judge in Clouds appear,
 Thy Motions often made me to Rebel
 Thy Punishment in Grave now bear.
 I now surmount both Night and setting Day,
 Yonder below I spy the Sun,

D

Its

It's Light's obscured by the brighter Ray
 Which never to the West goes down.
 Below sharp frowns with short smiles intermix,
 While Hope and Fear the time divide ;
 In these high Orbs Eternal Love doth fix,
 Its Beams in constant Noon abide.
 By whose Reflection this white Robe I wear
 Puts on the Lustre of the Day.
 This Crown, these Palms, Trophies of Glory bear,
 Glory that fadeth not away.
 No need of Meat where grows Life's fruitful Tree,
 Nor Drink where flows its tasting Spring,
 No Pain or Sickness there where dwelleth He
 That doth to Man Salvation bring.
 The heavy load of dismal Guilt is gone,
 No Enemies these Walls can scale,
 Meshech and Kedar cause no surly moan
 Nor tempting bait doth here assail.
 While Walls of Flesh did me below confine
 Through Windows of dim sighted Sense,
 Of Reason and of Faith some Light did shine
 Of weak, tho needful Influence.
 As through a Glass or Cloud a glimpse was sent ;
 But now the sight is Face to Face
 Of Him, whose Name alone is Excellent,
 Shining with Beauty and Solace.
 In all the lower Frame some strokes appear
 Of Splendor and Perfection,
 But Glories stately Throne's erected here
 In highest Exaltation.
 The All-sufficient now sufficeth me :
 Immensity is all my store,
 The Fountain ; not the Cistern gives supply
 To parched Souls that Thirst no more.
 Here all His Attributes conjoin their part
 This Happiness for to compleat.
 Power, a Terror once, secures the Heart
 From shaking, in this happy state.
 Wisdom displays the Beauty of the way
 That through dark shades did end in Light ;
 Unmixed Goodness now no Rods allay :
 Mercy preserves from endless Night.
 Holiness shines in brightest Lustre here
 Which once lent but a feeble Ray :

Essential Truth resides within its Sphere,
 Error misguides none in the way.
 The secret Springs of Natures wheels appear,
 The pleasant Order of the Frame:
 What Philosophers enquir'd I find out here
 The Mover and the Motion of the same.
 The puzzling Doubts of Providence below
 Are all resolv'd; I clearly see
 He Reaps in Joy that doth with Weeping Sow,
 The Rod and Love do both agree.
 O Healthful Sickness! O most Gainful loss!
 Solacing Sorrow! Pleasant Pain!
 Comfort is now the Product of the Cross,
 The Waves that toss'd did wash my stain.
 Unvail'd are the Mysteries Divine
 Contained in the Sacred Word:
 The most obscure in brightest Lustre shine,
 What dazled, doth Delight afford.
 The secret Methods of that Grace that did
 The Soul both purge and pacifie,
 Where Elephants did swim and Lambs did wade,
 Are all laid open to the Eye.
 The way was pay'd with Blood and hedg'd with Fears,
 Compass with Cares, seal'd with a Cloud,
 Above Stern Wrath, below entrapping Snares,
 And yet it ends in endless Good.
 Where place and Work and Company conspire
 To beautify this happy State.
 The sparkling Pavement Mortals do admire
 Deriving vital Light and Heat.
 If th' outer Court in such bright Lustre shine,
 What must the Royal Palace be.
 In this, these sparkling Gems their Light resign
 Before the Face of Majesty.
 The Harps that hang'd the Willow Trees upon
 Sing Zions Songs from Strangers free,
 Both Heart and Voice conjoin before the Throne
 To make a joyful Melody,
 In these Blest Anthems all the Holy Quire
 With Joy Triumphant Act a part.
 Their Lips are touched with Seraphic Fire;
 No jarring Voice nor drooping Heart,
 In this rare City of the Living GOD
 Himself unvail's His Blessed Face.

Jesus

16
JESUS His Majesty maketh its abode,
Millions of Angels fill the place,
Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, in a row
With all the Ransomed along
Dropping their Crowns before the Throne they go,
Singing this loath'd yet Lovely Song.

All Glory to the Father and the Son,
All Glory to the Holy Ghost,
As it was ay before the World began,
Is now and evermore shall last.

AMEN.

FINIS.



